

TERMS.

Published every Saturday, at \$3 in advance, or \$4 at the end of the year. No paper discontinued but at the option of the editors until all arrears are paid—and a failure to give notice (before the end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be considered a new engagement.

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One dollar per square, of twelve lines or less, for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

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IT IS NOT FOR ME TO LOVE THEE.

Air—When I left thy shores, O, Nazes!

It is not for me to love thee,

But at a distance to adore,

For the sun that shines above thee,

Not the Persian worships more;

Yet thus let me linger near thee,

In the charm'd air for a while;

For a moment more to hear thee,

For a moment see thee smile!

And though once more blessed to-morrow

In thy summer smile may be,

While condemn'd to wintry sorrow,

I must wander far from thee:

Yet I'll bear, where'er I wander,

In my bosom's inmost core,

This delight o'er which to ponder—

Though I ne'er should see thee more!

Though the world were fast receding

From my dim and glazing eye,

I would gaze at all unheeding

If thy form could then be nigh:

With that face above me beaming,

And that voice within my ear,

Death itself were only dreaming

Of an angel whispering near!

From Godley's Lady's Book.

THE BRACELETS.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

It was New Year's Eve, and a group of young girls were gathered round a cheerful wood fire, which blazed and crackled as if in emulation of the bright smiles and merry voices of the little party. Almost hidden in the crimson depths of a well fashioned arm chair, sat a lady whose age might have been sixty, although Time's dealings with her had been so gentle, that her features still retained traces of great beauty. Her light auburn hair lay in glossy waves on her high smooth forehead, while only here and there a gleam of silver betrayed the frosts of age; and a delicate muslin cap tied under her chin with a narrow white ribbon, shows a refinement of taste which does not always accompany its possessor into the vale of years. There was a princess in the disposition of her snowy white kerchief and the folds of her brown silk dress, in accordance with the name of Miss Lee, which graced the brass plate on the door. The parlour of Miss Fanny Lee or as she was familiarly called Aunt Fanny, was considered a sort of Elysium by the school girls of the village, and thrice happy were they when honored with a formal invitation to spend an evening within its venerated walls. Dearly did aunt Fanny enjoy the society of the young; their amusements, their joys, and their prospects, all interested her; she sympathized in the thousand sorrows which youth is heir to, and in all doubtful and trying cases she became their adviser. Early that morning she sent invitations to about a dozen of her particular favorites to drink tea with her, and bring the gifts of the season which they had received, for her inspection. Punctual to the time, the little company assembled, and did school-girl justice to the good cheer which was always to be found on Aunt Fanny's table. The tea things were removed, and a small round table was drawn into the centre of the room on which lay a well worn family Bible, and an old-fashioned red morocco casket. That casket contained a mystery, and was a perfect whet-stone to juvenile curiosity, but none dared to question Aunt Fanny concerning it. Many a time during her absence from the room, had some youthful visitor essayed to lift the lid, but it was always fastened and likely to remain so. A silver candle stick, bearing a candle so tall that it only served to shed a "dim religious light," on the objects below, was placed upon the table. Boxes, books, card-cases, pictures, and many other things had been examined and admired, when one young lady produced a box, and opening it drew forth a gold chain of exquisite workmanship, and as she held it up on her hands, and the massy links glittered in the light, her cheeks flushed with the consciousness of possessing an ornament worth all the presents of her companions put together.

"This," said the vain girl, "I received

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 4.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1843.

No. 7.

from my uncle, who has just returned from the East Indies; what do you think of it, Aunt Fanny?"

"Put it up," said the old lady quietly, "and if you my dear young friends, can spare me an hour longer, I will relate an occurrence which that ornament has brought freshly to my mind, and you may be warned by it never to indulge in inordinate vanity and love of dress."

"Oh yes, yes," exclaimed every voice, "we could stay till midnight to hear one of Aunt Fanny's stories."

The presents were quickly deposited in baskets and reticules, the chairs were drawn closely around the fire, and Aunt Fanny commenced.

"About a week previous to the first of January, many, many years ago, the little town of Welby became the scene of an unwonted internal commotion, and the usually quiet affairs of the village were disturbed by a strong under current, though in what direction it was setting, baffled the wisest heads to discover. Young men in frock coats and top boots, with huge ivory headed canes, looking the very impersonation of village importance and gentility were seen to steal mysteriously just at dusk into the little back room of the hotel, but at what hour they emerged, none knew. At last the result of these nocturnal meetings came out; there was to be a grand sleighing party to proceed about ten miles to join the elite of the village of M—— in a ball on a new year's eve, and many a bright eye flashed with delighted anticipations of what the event might bring forth.

Never before were such doings dreamed of in Welby, and like all innovations on established usage, the scheme met with much opposition. The Minister was thankful that he had no children to be led astray by evil example, and the deacon's wife was nearly transformed into a statue by discovering that her only son, instigated doubtless by the very spirit of Evil, was an aider and abettor of so wicked a design; while the Deacon, like good old Lot, looked neither to the right nor left, wisely resolving to be blind to what he could not prevent. Time wore on and the important day drew near, and young men were seen hurrying to and fro, hiring sleighs, borrowing buffalo skins and bells, and endeavoring to secure spirited horses and careful drivers; giving particular orders to the shoemakers for elastic pumps, and the tailors for unmentionables of an extra fashionable cut. But who can paint the trouble and perplexities of the young ladies of a country village on such an occasion. Some have cloaks, bonnets, and dresses to make; others were anxiously altering according to the latest fashion, those which had already done duty through two or three seasons; and many murmured that their slender means restricted them to a plainness of attire ill suiting their desire for display.

In a small but tastefully furnished chamber, two young ladies were performing the duties of the toilet. Lucy Moreton, the beautiful belle of Welby, stood before a mirror arraying a profusion of light glossy hair, and as curl after curl was released from its paper fetters and fell gracefully against a cheek round, dimpled and glowing with the pure roses of health, her deep blue eyes lighted up with an expression of triumph, and a smile of gratified vanity stole over her countenance. I knew her well, and was at that time very indulgent to her follies, and even to her faults considering them rather the effects of circumstance, than the natural prompting of her heart. An only child, and motherless from her birth, nearly her whole life had been passed at a boarding school, where in the acquisition of showy accomplishments, her moral education had been totally neglected, while her surpassing beauty obtained for her a large portion of flattery and admiration. Love of dress was her ruling passion, as a natural consequence she became selfish, and scrupled little as to the means by which she attained her ends. When she left school at the age of seventeen, Mr. Moreton found with surprise and mortification that his idolized Lucy was as deficient in temper and principle, as she was perfect in face and person.

A short time before her return, Mr. Moreton had taken an orphan niece to reside in his family; one who reared in the school of adversity, had come forth from its stern teachings adorned with graces of a meek and quiet spirit, and he could not help acknowledging to himself how far superior Ellen Varnham was to his own daughter, in everything except personal appearance, for in that particular Lucy could not have endured a rival. Her gentleness, her patience and entire disinterestedness, soon won the love of the spoiled and ca-

pricious girl, if indeed she could love anything not immediately connected with herself. Ellen exercised towards her cousin the prerogative of a true friend; she told her of her faults; and if Lucy was sometimes angry, she seldom failed in the end to appreciate the kindness which dictated the reproof.

"Cousin Ellen," said Lucy as she stood before the glass, her occupation, displaying a finely turned arm, "don't you think gold bracelets would look well on my arms? they are just coming into fashion, and Clara Jones is going to have a pair to wear to the ball."

"Yes," answered Ellen, "I dare say they would look very well; but for you or I, velvet ones would be more becoming. Clara can afford to have gold ones, therefore should not be quoted as an example to those who cannot."

"You are always preaching, Ellen; I don't know why my father can't afford it as well as Mr. Jones. I saw a beautiful pair at the jewellers, and shall ask papa for money to buy them."

"Now pray do not, cousin Lucy," said Ellen; "it would be an unnecessary expense and I know that uncle is at present—"

"You do not mean in want of money?" interrupted Lucy.

"Yes I do; I would have told you so before, but I did not wish to distress you. A few months ago, he endorsed for a friend, who has since failed, and if your father cannot immediately raise a large sum, he will be embarrassed—perhaps ruined."

For a moment Lucy was moved, but casting another glance in the glass, selfishness and vanity predominated over natural affection. Carelessly adjusting the last ringlet, she said "well twenty dollars can make no difference, so I'll try hard for the bracelets," and left the room.

Ellen followed; seeing her uncle walking slowly up and down, she hoped Lucy would notice his troubled expression, and not mention her request. Breakfast commenced and was nearly finished in silence; Lucy not caring to commence her attack in Ellen's presence, was waiting for her to leave the room, when Mr. Moreton arose and said that he had received letters on important business, which obliged him to leave home for a week.

"I am sorry, my dear girls," said he "that I shall not be able to spend New Year's day with you; I shall also lose a pleasure which I have enjoyed annually since Lucy was an infant, that of making her a present on that day. However, I will do what I can. As you are going to the ball to-night, you may have some little purchases to make—here are ten dollars apiece. I wish I could offer you ten times the sum but—"

Ellen rose to return the note, but Mr. Moreton abruptly left the room, and mounting his horse, rode away.

"I wonder what my father thinks I can buy with ten dollars," said Lucy angrily; "to be sure I have every thing I wish for except the bracelets, and they are twenty dollars; if I do not get them I will not go at all."

"What break your engagements, and disappoint young Mr. Dorford?" asked Ellen archly.

"I am glad," said Lucy, "that you acknowledge it would disappoint him; but to return to the old subject, the bracelets I must and will have."

"Well cousin," said Ellen, "I advise you to make a pair out of the beautiful piece of black velvet you bought yesterday—they will become you better than gold ones, I assure you."

A scornful look was the only answer Ellen received. Going into the parlour where her work box stood open on the table, she laid the money on it, and soon became so deeply engaged with her work, that the bracelets were forgotten.

At length wanting some articles for the prosecution of her employment, she went to her own room to get it, and on her return found Lucy standing by the table, equipped for a walk.

"Are you going out Lucy?" asked Ellen; "I thought you had no purchases to make."

"Why you know," said she hesitatingly, "I want some flowers for my hair, and—and a pair of gloves."

"Well, make haste back, I must go to Mrs. Sewall for my new cloak, and we start at four."

In about an hour, Lucy returned, and without entering the parlour, went directly to her chamber.

Looking up Ellen perceived it was two o'clock. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "I did not think it was so late. I have yet to go for my cloak before I can dress—but where is my money?" and she turned out the contents of her box, but it was not there.

"There has been no one in the room but Lucy and myself," thought she; she remembered the bracelets, and Lucy's determination to possess them, the truth at once flashed upon her mind.

Incidentally shocked, but forcing herself to appear calm, she went at once to Lucy's room, and opening the door suddenly, beheld the guilty girl, sitting at a table with her right arm resting on it, and surveying with great self complacency, a bracelet which glittered on her wrist. On seeing Ellen, she blushed scarlet, and hastily dropping her hand into her lap, covered it with her shawl.

Without appearing to notice the movement, Ellen said calmly, "Lucy did you see the money which your father gave me this morning, when you was in the parlor?"

Overcome with confusion at the abruptness of the question, she stammered out, "Yes—no—that is—"

"Do not attempt to prevaricate," said Ellen; "you took the money."

"Well," returned Lucy, "I confess I picked up a note from the parlor, which I thought papa had dropped before he went out."

"Lucy, Lucy," said Ellen sternly, "you are adding falsehood to theft; and now listen to me; you have brought guilt on your soul, you have caused me cruel disappointment, and have deprived a suffering family of assistance which they need; and all for the sake of a paltry ornament."

"Mighty fine, Miss Ellen," exclaimed Lucy, endeavoring to hide her feelings, by getting angry; "you make as much fuss about ten dollars as if it had been a fortune; I don't see how it is to prevent you from going to the ball, nor can I conceive," she added sneeringly, "of what vast importance it could be to your charitable designs."

"In the first place, answered Ellen, "you know I cannot go without the cloak which Mrs. Sewall has been making for me, and I will not take it away without paying her, as she has a large family which she supports by her needle. You who have never known a want, can have little idea of the sufferings of the poor at this inclement season. I have felt them, and know how great a treasure even five dollars seem, to those who have neither food nor fuel, and that sum I intended giving to widow McShane whose child is so ill."

"There has been enough said on the subject," said Lucy, rising; the thing is done and cannot be helped. You shall have your money, if it was yours, as soon as papa returns. It is time for me to dress, and you too, if you are going."

Ellen said no more, but hastening to her own room threw herself on the bed and burst into an agony of tears. Bitter thoughts rose up within her, but she strove earnestly to repress them, and had nearly succeeded in regaining her composure, when the tramping of horses and jingling of bells were heard, and a sleigh dashed swiftly up to Mr. Moreton's door and stopped. Ellen looked through the closed blinds and saw a splendid sleigh filled with buffalo skins, to which was attached a noble pair of black horses, chafing as if impatient of delay, and flinging from their dilated nostrils clouds of steam, which was instantly transformed into sparkling frost work on their flowing manes, while with every motion, the long strings of shining bells sent forth their merry notes to the clear frosty air. A tall, handsome young man sprang out, and entered the house; in a few minutes he returned, leading Lucy, whom he handed gracefully into the sleigh, and carefully disposing the buffalo skins, to shield her from the cold, took his seat by her side. The driver mounted, and cracking his whip till the echo reverberated from the hills, the horses bounded forward; Lucy's white plumes danced in the wind, and in an instant they were out of sight. Ellen sat down, and again wept bitterly.

In a few minutes another sleigh stopped at the door, but this time she did not look out, for she well knew who it was, and before she could determine how to act, the door opened.

"Mr. Germaine has called for you, Miss Ellen, and is waiting in the parlor."

Ellen's first impulse was to go down, but how could she account for her appearance, or for breaking her engagement, without betraying Lucy.

"Shall I help to dress you, Miss?" said the girl.

"No, no, I shall not go; tell him that I am ill—that I have a severe head ache."

Mary descended, and as Charles Germaine came out into the hall, Ellen heard him, in tones which thrilled through her very heart, ask how long Miss Varnham had been ill?

"Indeed, sir," said Mary, "she was well

enough at dinner time, and spoke of going to the ball."

The hall door closed, the sleigh drove off, and poor Ellen felt as if the world was nothing to her. In the solitude and silence of her chamber her thoughts went back to the time when she first saw Charles Germaine, when he turned from the beautiful heiress, whose family solicited his alliance, and chose her a portionless orphan. She remembered the summer eve when he poured forth in words, his impassioned feelings, and taking her hand within his own besought her to speak but one word, and he would forever bless her—and that word was not withheld; and she felt that to lose his love would indeed be a greater trial than she could bear.

Sick and oppressed, and thinking the air might relieve her, she prepared for a walk, and telling Mary to fill a small basket with nourishing food and cordials, she set out to visit the sick child she had mentioned to Lucy.

It was a clear, cold evening; the snow lay deep and white on the earth and glittered in the moonlight as if strewn with fragments of precious stones. All was still—the village seemed deserted, and Ellen walked swiftly forward, the snow crisped and crackled under her feet, with a distinctness which caused her to fancy there were footsteps behind her, and almost breathless, she arrived at the cottage.

After making some inquiries about the little sufferer, and giving directions for administering the medicines she had brought, Ellen left the house, and was almost instantly accosted by a person whom she recognised as Edward Norris, a young lawyer, who had more than once offered her attentions which she was by no means inclined to accept. At any other time she would have shrunk from his society, but it was late, and she felt almost grateful for his protection. The first step he took by her side, showed her that he was intoxicated, and more frightened than ever she hurried on in silence, till she reached the gate before her uncle's door. As she put her hand on the latch, it was opened from the other side, and there stood Charles Germaine, whom she supposed had gone to M—— without her. Rather would Ellen have sunk into the earth, than have met him at that moment. Casting a look of contempt on Norris and bowing coldly to Ellen, he passed on. She saw at once that appearances were against her; and with a feeling of desperation she shut the door in her companion's face, hurried to her room, and burying her face in her pillow, gave way to feelings unlike any other the heart can experience.

"He surely will not leave me," she thought, "without seeking an explanation; yet how can I explain? No! Lucy's secret shall be safe with me, even at the risk of my dearest hopes." And kneeling, she sought strength to her noble resolution, from a source which never faileth the upright in heart.

A feeling of calm and holy resignation came over her, and taking a book she resolved to sit up till Lucy's return. The hours sped slowly on—it was on the stroke of midnight when a sleigh dashed up to the door, and in a moment, Lucy, cold and white as marble, entered the room, and dropping into a chair, burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Lucy, dear Lucy what is the matter?" exclaimed Ellen much alarmed.

At the sound of her voice, Lucy's sobs redoubled. In her agitation, her cloak fell off from her shoulders, and had she been wrapped in her shroud, Ellen could scarcely have been more shocked. Arrayed in her ball dress of thin white muslin, her neck was bare, its snowy whiteness fearfully spotted with deep purple the effect of the intense cold. A frill of rich blonde fell from her shoulders, which was looped up from the elbows, leaving the lower part of her arms uncovered even by gloves, while on her red and swollen wrists glittered the fatal bracelet. As her eye fell on them, she became calm. Taking her hand, Ellen said kindly:

"Tell me, dear cousin, what has happened? Why have you come home in this strange way, and where is Frank Dorford?"

"Do not mention him!" exclaimed Lucy, "I never wish to hear his name again; but I will tell you all. I did take your money—I stole it—and I bought the bracelets to satisfy my vanity and sinful love of finery. Oh! I am justly punished. During our ride, I was perfectly wretched at the thought of what I had done, but in the excitement of the brilliant scene which awaited us at M——, every thing was forgotten except the admiration bestowed on my appearance. Frank whispered that I never looked so lovely, and declared that

bracelets were invented expressly for my arms. You know, Ellen, he has done every thing to induce me to believe that he loved me, except making a formal declaration, and I—why should I conceal it?—I loved him better than the whole world—better than my own soul. Fatigued with dancing, I sat down in the recess of a window, where the curtains screened me from observation. Presently I heard a voice, which I but too well knew, speaking near me: "Well Tom, I believe you are my friend, so I will tell you a secret. All the world has given me Miss Moreton; I own she is beautiful and agreeable, but so vain and fond of dress, that my whole fortune, which is not at all overgrown, would melt before the end of the honeymoon. No—no, Tom, I have not the slightest intention of marrying her—so heartless too, only think of her spending money for ornaments, and dancing all night, while her father is in prison for debt." They passed on. How long I remained motionless with shame and anger I know not; it seemed to me an age. As soon as I could move, I went to find Julia Nelville, whom I knew at school, and telling her I was very ill, begged that she would request her brother to take me home. I never will see Frank again, tho' it break my heart. But tell me, do you think it is true about my father?"

"I hope not," said Ellen, "if it is, we shall soon know. But now you must take something warm, and go immediately to bed."

With the tenderness of a mother did Ellen prepare and administer a soothing drink, and after smoothing her pillow and seeing her composed to rest, was about to leave the room when Lucy called her back.

"Ellen," said she, "can you forgive me?" Ellen felt that she had more to forgive than her cousin was aware of; and as she stooped down to imprint a kiss on the forehead of the penitent, tears fell fast and warm on her face.

With the morning, came letters from Mr. Moreton; the story of his imprisonment was unfounded; the business was arranged to his satisfaction, and he would be home in a few days.

From that night, Lucy was an altered being. She had received a bitter though salutary lesson. When she met Frank Dorford, they were as strangers to each other. She had loved as woman loves, but once, and in the shrine of her heart there was no second idol. Though she had many offers, she refused them all, and for once the world allowed there was an old maid for choice.

More than forty years have passed away, and she lives in the same house which she inherited from her father, whose death took place a few months after the events I have related."

Aunt Fanny paused. Her young auditors eagerly exclaimed: "But Ellen—Miss Varnham—what became of her?"

"A short time before the death of Mr. Moreton, her eldest brother married, and at his urgent solicitation she went to reside with him in a distant part of the State. Of Charles Germaine she saw no more, and learned that he had left the country. For a long time she bore up under the disappointment she had experienced, endeavoring by an unremitting performance of every duty to banish useless regret. She cherished a hope that he would return; but as month after month wore on, her cheek grew pale and her step languid. She would sit for hours, her head resting on her hand, while now and then a tear, stealing slowly through her slender fingers, showed that her thoughts were sad. A year—to Ellen Varnham a long melancholy year—had drawn to a close. Leaving a gay circle in her brother's parlor, she retired to her own room to weep in solitude over the wreck which the past year had made of her dearest hopes. So deep was her reverie, that she was unconscious of the presence of another, till a letter was put into her hand. Mechanically she opened it, but as she read, the warm color mantled over her pale face, and her eyes beamed through her tears with unwonted brightness. "Who brought this letter?" she demanded of the girl, who stood apparently waiting for an answer. "A gentleman, ma'am, who said he would sit down in the library." In an instant Ellen was clasped in the arms of Charles Germaine. All was explained. After wandering about the country for some months dissatisfied and miserable, he came to the conclusion that he had acted rashly. Half distracted at the thought of losing Ellen through his own folly, he returned to Welby, where he learned that she had left the village. Calling on Lucy for information, she at once rendered all the atonement in her power by confessing her guilt; and the recital of her noble generous conduct of her cousin, only served to increase his anxiety to find her, and he had lost no time in following her to her new home, and confessing how much he had been to blame for doubting her love. Once more was the question asked, "Ellen, can you forgive me?" If the answer was sealed with a kiss, this time at least, the tears which filled the eyes of Ellen were those of unmingled happiness. They were married, and though Lucy received many invitations to visit them, the cousins have never since met, Lucy still keeps the bracelets, and her nightly penance is to clasp them on her withered arms, while she humbles her spirit by reflecting that the once beautiful shrine is fast decaying, while the offerings which she perilled her soul to lay upon it are yet undimmed by time."

Aunt Fanny rose, and taking up the casket, left the room.

"I really believe," said the young lady whose ostentatious display of the gold chain had called forth the recital of the story—"I really believe Aunt Fanny has been giving us her own history."

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enough at dinner time, and spoke of going to the ball."

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